



Better Still—Quite Still

He had sung several times during the evening and his friends had murmured words of praise, then escaped as quickly as possible.

But as he was going homeward he managed to catch one of these self-same friends, and he insisted on a truthful opinion.

"You see," he explained, "I don't quite know how to take Miss Cutone's comment on my performance tonight."

"No—really! Why—what did she say?" asked the friend hopefully.

"Well, she said she'd heard Caruso several times, and thought his voice was excellent, but she was quite certain that mine was better still."

Suit to Suit Everything

A young fellow noted for his eccentric habits possessed suits for every sport—cycling, fishing and everything else. One day he was out pheasant shooting with the gamekeeper when the keeper spied a rabbit.

"There goes a rabbit, sir," said the keeper. "Let him have it!"

The youth looked at the retreating bunny, but never raised his gun to shoot.

"Why didn't you shoot?" queried the gamekeeper.

"Well, I couldn't. I'm in my pheasant costume."

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Mr. Health-Seeker—What's the best thing to induce chest expansion?

Dr. Wiseman—Medals.